

Call them not so fondly back.
All the dead, lost days that run
Darkly thro' the Glass of Time.
Toward the Setting of the Sun,
Toward the Shadow of the Valley
And the Summer that is done.

Call them not so fondly back.
Since the stars shall never stand!
Yet the Hour Glass of the years
Still shall turn within His hand,
And the Old Years that run darkly
Be the New Year's brightest sand.

A SURE CURE.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY BY G. E. CHAM, M. D.

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GEORGE and MAY LOVEROY, who were home from college to spend the holidays in their native town of Buffalo, had accepted the invitation of John and Myrtle Hatch to come over for a New Year's eve supper and stay for the night. It was a jolly party of six, including Mr. and Mrs. Zachariah Hatch, that encircled the table at that last supper of the dying year. Myrtle's married brother, Edward Hatch, and his young wife had promised to be home for the holiday, intending to come up from Rochester on the evening train. Their non-appearance was the only cloud that hung over the Hatch homestead that night.

As in every reunion of old friends, it would be easier to tell what they didn't than what they did talk about, but it was when music was the subject claiming attention that Myrtle remarked:

"Since you went away I've lost my voice. I cannot sing for any long time without becoming hoarse."

"Ditto here," added John.

"You should try Professor Debeau's prescription," advised George.

"Which is?"

"Professor Debeau, our instructor in vocal music, says such trouble results almost entirely from a person's breathing through his mouth, especially when asleep."

"Did he suggest a remedy?"

"Yes. He says that the best remedy is to take a wide strip of singlass plaster and to fasten the lips together with it and leave it on all night. If you buy a yard of the plaster and use it every night, before it's gone your voice is all right. It's sure death to snoring too."

"Did you ever try it?" was John's poser.

"No," admitted George, "but several of the boys at college thought it cured their hoarseness, and sore throats, too, at times, and one thing is certain—it will keep a person from snoring."

The pleasant evening enjoyed by the gathering has nothing to do with our story. Suffice it to say that an hour or so after the merry crew from the supper table the young men excused themselves and left May and Myrtle to an exchange of confidences while they set out for a stroll. Hardly had the door closed upon their departing forms when Myrtle exclaimed: "May, I have promised to sing at an entertainment next week and have been dreading it for days. Suppose we buy some of that plaster and use it to-night."

May had been thinking of just the same thing.

"Agreed, but we mustn't let the boys know anything about it," was the response.

And, with considerable laughter at the joke, as they conceived it, of testing Professor Debeau's remedy with-



out the knowledge of their brothers, wraps were hurried on, and the girls were soon on their way to the nearest drug store.

Having secured their treasure, Myrtle and May hurried back and were seen in the privacy of Myrtle's room. An hour or so later they decided, as May expressed it, to "muzzle themselves" and retire for the night. May had felt a tickling in her throat that was doubtless of an imaginary or sympathetic nature and had decided to

try the cure herself. So each cut a generous strip of the plaster, moistened and applied it and sat down, hands pressed tightly over mouth, waiting for the plaster to dry.

Naturally when the drying process was completed they found it impossible to speak. So they had recourse to paper and pencil to describe their first sensations as mutes and were soon ready to pay their respects at the shrine of Somnus.

While the young folks had been enjoying themselves in the parlor Mr. and Mrs. Hatch had been in the sitting room, he with his paper and she with her knitting. It was the wife who looked up and said:

"Zachariah, don't you think it would be a good plan to get some of that plaster and see if it wouldn't help you swear off snoring for the New Year? It's dreadful! If you could only hear yourself snore, you wouldn't stop at trouble or expense."

"Perhaps—some time," replied Mr. Hatch, musingly, without taking his eyes off his paper.

"But don't you think you had better try it tonight and start the New Year right?" persisted his wife. "You don't want Mr. and Mrs. Loveroy to go home and say that they couldn't sleep because you snored so loud."

"I suppose so. Don't bother me. Send Myrtle after some if you like," replied the rather gaily tempered Mr. Hatch.

"No! I believe I will go myself and not let the girls know anything about it." And his good wife laid down her work and started for the drug store.

The druggist's surprise gave way to astonishment as Mrs. Hatch demanded



of him a yard of singlass plaster. He concluded that somebody must be pretty badly cut up over at the Hatches.

By 11 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Hatch were sleeping soundly, each with lips like her husband's when he complained of the ludicrous figure he would cut when the plaster had been applied.

In the meantime George and John had made the circuit of familiar streets, and neither had realized the lateness of the hour until George, to ascertain the time of night, had stepped to the window of a well lighted store, none other than the drug store with which they were already acquainted. It was 11 o'clock. The druggist was preparing to close up for the night.

Before he could do so John pushed his way into the store. "Wait till I get some plaster!" he called out to his companion. "I'm going to try your plan!" then to the druggist, "A yard of plaster, please."

"That's the last roll I have," said the tradesman in bewilderment as he handed out the third yard of plaster he had sold to the Hatch family that evening. He began to think that some one was playing a joke on him, and after George and John had departed he hurriedly closed his store.

The boys found the Hatch residence in darkness when they arrived there, except for one solitary light that shone dimly through the slatted windows of the sleeping room occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hatch. A sleepy housemaid admitted them, and they as silently as possible ascended to their room.

No time was lost in sticking their lips together, and a struggle with the lamp followed, ending only when John turned the wick so low that the flame flickered a few times and then died out. Left in silence and darkness, the boys were soon sleeping soundly.

All was quiet and still by midnight. Mrs. Hatch did not believe in young folks sitting up to watch out old years, but Myrtle suddenly awoke with the certainty that that some one—a man, of course—was holding his hand over her mouth. Then, remembering

the events of the evening, she realized the cause of the peculiar sensation. But the shock to her nerves remained. The assertion that her snore was all imaginary, though repeated over and over to herself, failed to quiet them.

There! It was somebody trying to get into the house! The front door bell rang loudly. Then some one began pounding on the door. Myrtle could hear it quite plainly. She sat up and listened. Never before had she been awake at night and not heard her father snoring. She missed that reassuring snore very much. Could anything have happened to him? Or perhaps the house was on fire! Yes; it must be fire. She was sure that she smelled smoke.

Giving May a tremendous shake, Myrtle slipped out of bed, threw on a dressing gown and hurried down to the front door, where the pounding still kept up. In a moment she had the door open; but, instead of a stalwart fireman, in stepped her brother Edward and his wife.

"Why, it's Myrtle!" cried Edward. "The train was late, and we thought you were never going to let us in. We're nearly frozen and hungry as bears. And how is mother and everybody? Why, what's the matter? Why don't you speak?"

For obvious reasons Myrtle remained silent. A moment later a second silent figure crept down the hallway and stood by Myrtle, and then came Mr. Hatch himself, hastily pulling on a few clothes as he came.

"Oh, here's father! He will explain," cried the amazed Edward as the third figure came groping silently down the twilight of the long hall. "Good heavens, what's father's dumb show? For in the middle of the hall stood the paternal Hatch, uttering not one word of welcome to his beloved son.

A moment later Mrs. Hatch came down, visibly agitated and mutely waving her arms. Behind her came the two young men, one armed with a baseball bat and the other with a poker. But not one word did they speak. Singlass plaster has some very adhesive properties, and when one's mouth has been glued shut for three long hours one cannot be expected to carry on an extended conversation. For several minutes the strange group gazed at one another.

"Edward, they're all crazy! Let's go home, anywhere, but do not stay in this house!" cried Mrs. Hatch junior, with strong signs of hysteria.

"Speak, somebody, can't you? For heaven's sake, wish us a happy New Year!" cried Edward, taking his frightened wife in his arms.

But not a word did any one speak. The silent group shuffled sheepishly about, making weird and unexplainable signs, while more and more convinced Edward that all the family of Hatch had suddenly departed with their several and individual senses.

"Mother! Father! Has it come to this? Will you turn your own son away from your door at midnight without one word of welcome? What have I done? What has happened? Can no one speak?"

The answer to the last question had to be a distinct but inarticulate negative. Eva covered her face with her hands and broke into sobs. "They have turned you away, Edward, because—because they think I have dishonored the name of Hatch. Some one has told them about—the apple pie! Tell them, Edward, I was not my fault, not my fault! I—I didn't mean—I—oh, I can't go on! I can't go on!" And again poor Eva broke into sobs.

At this point Myrtle slipped away and came down stairs again with a huge pair of scissors in her hands. Without one word of warning and before Edward could throw himself between them she savagely stabbed his father—at least so it seemed in the uncertain light—in the face with the murderous weapon.

"Saved! Happy New Year everybody!" gasped Mr. Hatch senior, catching his son in his arms and shaking his hands till they ached. "We're all glued up, my boy, every one of us, glued up with the stickiest, most infernal sort of sticking plaster ever created. That's right, Myrtle. Cut your poor mother loose. She's always best at explaining."

NEW YEAR'S AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL RECEPTION TO ALL CALLERS.

Etiquette of Dress—Display by the Army and Navy Officers—Foreigners in Their Dress of State—Hand-shaking Extraordinary.

As compared to the brilliant court receptions of Europe there is very little in the social functions of official life in this democratic country which would be regarded as strikingly elaborate or gorgeous. The nearest approach to the European court functions is unquestionably the New Year's reception at the White House. In point of brilliancy and formal display it overtops all the social events at the national capital. On this day the chief executive of the nation receives in state the vice president, the members of his official household, the chief justice and the associate justices of the supreme court of the United States, the foreign legations, senators and representatives in congress, officers of the army and navy, officials of the District of Columbia and such of his fellow citizens as choose to pay their respects to the president on that occasion. To the president it is no holiday task, as he must go through the ordeal of shaking hands with 8,000 or 10,000 people.

Although the New Year's reception begins an hour before noon, custom demands the wearing of afternoon dress. As there is in this country no officially prescribed court dress, there is nothing in the apparel of the diplomatic and civil officials of the government to distinguish them from other well groomed men on formal occasions. The officers of the army and navy, however, appear in full dress uniforms, and present a brilliant ensemble.

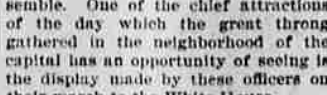
One of the chief attractions of the day which the great throngs gathered in the neighborhood of the capital has an opportunity of seeing is the display made by these officers on their march to the White House.

The most picturesque feature of the president's New Year's reception is the appearance of the foreign diplomatic corps in their gaudiest and best dress of state. They assemble in the red parlor of the White House, with the dean of the corps at their head. This distinction has for a number of years fallen to Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador, who will doubtless continue to hold the place as the oldest in point of continuous service of any of the foreign representatives.

They form a brilliant procession as they proceed to the president's reception room, the ambassadors being the first in line, followed by the ministers in order of seniority, each attended by his suit, including secretaries, attaches and such ladies of the legations as are not so lucky in their state attire. The Turkish appear in their red fezzes and the Koreans in their flowerpot hats and are even more gorgeous than the Chinese.

After the distinguished and brilliant assembly of officials—state, judicial, diplomatic and legislative—has passed through the reception room and received the president's New Year greeting an hour is exclusively devoted to citizens, and the chief executive receives and shakes hands in quite democratic fashion with as many of his fellow countrymen as can reach him during the time allotted to the reception.

SAMUEL HUBBARD.



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TWO OFFICIAL CALLS.

The Gentlemanly Way in Which Rival Mayors Observed New Year's.

For years there had been a bitter rivalry between the towns of Julia Hill and Dog Creek, and such a thing as an official visit between town officials had not been dreamed of. Sometimes a Dog Creek man who went over to Julia Hill got back alive, and instances could be cited where a Julia Hill man had got out of Dog Creek without being shot at. These were ex-



ceptional cases, however, and there was no guide to go by. When Pete Mahoney was elected mayor of Dog Creek, it was on his pledge to make it still hotter for Julia Hill. That same fall Joe Drake was elected mayor of Julia Hill on his pledge that he would endeavor to wipe Dog Creek off the face of the earth. December was waning itself away and both towns were whooping it up when Mayor Mahoney heard that Mayor Drake said he was no gentleman.

"No gentleman, eh?" he said to some of his closest friends. "Well, we'll see about that. New Year's day will soon be here, and do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to mount my mule and ride over to Julia Hill and call on Mayor Drake. I'll call as a gentleman should."

At about the same time Mayor Drake was told that Mayor Mahoney did not consider him a gentleman, and he sat down and thought it over and then said to his friends:

"I'll prove that Mayor Mahoney is a horse thief and a liar. On New Year's day I'll ride over there as a gentleman, call on him as a gentleman and let him see the difference between a scrub and a man."

It is needless to add that both towns encouraged their respective mayors in their plans. When New Year's day came, both mounted their mules at about the same hour and set out, and as a consequence they met half way between the towns. Each had a following of about a hundred. As the two mayors came to a halt Mayor Mahoney graciously observed:

"Will the gentleman from Julia Hill return to Dog Creek with the other gentleman?"

"The gentleman from Julia Hill was about to ask the other gentleman to accept of his hospitality," was the reply of Mayor Drake.

"As a gentleman and knowing what belongs to good manners—"

"As another gentleman and knowing all about etiquette?"

"I must say that Dog Creek has the biggest graveyard."

"But Julia Hill has the most saloons."

"And that you are a duffer and a liar!"

"And that you are a quitter and a sneak!"

Then the respective mayors pulled their respective guns with a whoop. The respective gentlemen on either side followed suit, and for half an hour the most cheerful industry prevailed. The gentlemen shooting continued until everybody had run short of cartridges or got tired of dodging bullets, and then Mayor Mahoney came out from behind a tree and said:

"The mayor of Dog Creek, who is still a gentleman and no hog, will now bid you a polite good day and retire."

Then Mayor Drake rose up from behind the stump which had sheltered him through the fray and replied:

"The mayor of Julia Hill, who is also a gentleman and knows when he's got enough, presents his compliments and best wishes and trusts that this auspicious beginning of the New Year may strengthen the bond of love between the two towns."

A. B. LEWIS.

QUAINT NEW YEAR CUSTOMS.

THE DAY AND ITS OBSERVANCES IN MANY LANDS.

Sometimes a Mingling of Superstitious Ceremonies and Excessive Jollity—Old Festivities in Scotland, China and Japan.

Every nation has its particular feast days and holidays, some paying greater attention to one and some to another, but all peoples on the face of the earth who reckon time at all in some manner greet the New Year.

We have so shifted our calendar that now the occurrence of the New Year on the 1st of January has lost its significance. Among primitive nations, however, the New Year invariably marked the opening of one of the natural divisions of the seasons.

One of the oldest of New Year customs is that practiced by the Ainos of Japan. For a thousand years these people have stood still in their civilization, following all their primitive customs and ceremonies. New Year with them is a season of merrymaking which winds up with the great bear feast, called Omoshi, in which a huge bear is sacrificed.

In Scotland, where Christmas is not observed as a general holiday because so many Presbyterians look upon its observance as a species of superstition, New Year's day is a joyous one, and a strange way of celebrating the dying of the old year has long been customary there. The last night of the year is called "Hogmanay night" and is celebrated by drinking, singing and general festivities.

The Chinese are notorious for their fondness for holidays, and the Celestials make the most of this one. They are not content with one day, but take a whole month to celebrate the approach of the New Year. Chinese lanterns, fireworks, feasting and the paying up of old debts play the major part in the ceremonies.

A strange custom in many parts of Europe is that of having a member of the family, either the eldest or youngest, open the family Bible at random and place his or her finger at any spot on the open page without glancing at it. The verse thus marked is regarded as a sort of text for the ensuing 12 months.

A very poetical old ceremony is that of the so-called Messe des Animaux, or animals' mass, which takes place on New Year's eve in the French department of the Cevennes, a country in which the celebration of the New Year almost entirely supersedes that of Christmas. This truly pastoral festival is given in behalf of the herds of cattle which constitute the chief wealth of the hardy mountaineers. Before the ceremony begins herds of cows and sheep and goats are driven to an open space before the church. Inside the building is gathered a crowd of stalwart men and women in festive raiment, each holding a lighted candle while the cure celebrates mass.

Some of the aborigines of our own land have New Year customs that are exceedingly interesting, notably that of the Mogul Indians, called So-yau-na, which is a singular and elaborate mythical drama, divided into two parts, in which offerings are made to deities of the great plume headed serpent, the enemy of the sun. This is followed by a sun dance in which the conflict between the orb of day and the inferior hostile gods is portrayed.

LEONARD ETHELINGTON.

A Problem of Centuries.
"Oh, look before you leap!" he cried.
But to his arm he said:
"No, no," the little maid replied,
"For this is leap year! See?"



"This year you've leaped all right, I see, and I am in a kink. But (400) into 1900 won't go. You're figures are a mix."

AKRON MARKETS

(Corrected December 29, 1899.)

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Grain.
Wheat, per bu. 69c.
Rye, per bu. 58c.
Oats, per bu. 29c.
Corn, shelled, per bu. 55c.
Ear corn, per bu. 15 to 18c.
Corn, cracked, \$15.00 per ton.
Seeds.
Clover (large), per bu. \$3.50 to \$4.25
Clover (small), per bu. \$3.50 to \$4.25
Clover, crimson, per bu. \$3.00
Clover, white, per bu. \$7.
Clover, alsike, \$5
Timothy, per bu. \$1.00 to \$1.25
Mill Feed—Chop.
Corn, oats and barley, per cwt., 85c
Corn and oats, per cwt., 80c
Middlings, per cwt., No. 1, 95c.
Bran, per cwt. 75c
Flour.
Spring wheat, per sack, \$1.25
City brands, per sack, \$1.00 to \$1.10
Rye flour, per sack, \$1.00
Graham flour, per sack, 10-lb, 30c
Hay.
Timothy, No. 1 baled per ton, \$13.00
Timothy, No. 1 bulk per ton, \$11.
Clover and timothy, No. 1 baled per ton, 95c to \$10.
Clover and timothy, No. 1 bulk per ton, \$10.50 to \$11
Clover, No. 1 baled per ton, \$9.00
Clover, No. 1 bulk per ton, \$9
Straw.
Wheat, baled per ton, \$5.
Wheat, bulk per ton, \$5
Oats, baled per ton, \$4.50
Oats, bulk, per ton, \$4.50
Rye, per ton, \$4.
Rye, bundle, \$11 per ton
Meats.
Beef, live per lb. 8 to 8 1/2c
Beef, dressed per lb. 6 to 8 1/2c
Pork, live per lb. 3 1/2 to 4c
Pork, dressed per lb. 5 to 6 1/2c
Mutton, live per lb. 3 1/2 to 4 1/2c
Mutton, dressed per lb. 6c
Lamb, dressed per lb. 8 1/2c
Lamb, live per lb. 4 1/2 to 5c
Veal, live per lb. 4 to 5c
Veal, dressed per lb. 8 to 8 1/2c
Japan, cured per lb. 8 1/2 to 10 1/2c
Shoulder, cured per lb. 7c
Bacon, cured per lb. 8 to 9c
Beef, dried per lb. 10 to 16c
Hides.
Cured, beef No. 1, per lb. 10 1/2c
Cured, beef No. 2, per lb. 9 1/2c
Green, beef No. 1, per lb. 8 1/2c
Green, beef No. 2, per lb. 7 1/2c
Cured, calf No. 1, per lb. 11c
Cured, calf No. 2, per lb. 10c
Green, calf No. 1, per lb. 10 1/2c
Green, calf No. 2, per lb. 9 1/2c
Sheep pelts, 76c to \$1.00
Tallow per lb. 4 1/2 to 4 3/4c
Farm Produce.
Butter, Elgin creamery, per lb. 25c
Butter, country, per lb. 13 to 20c
Butter, cooking, per lb. 12c
Lard, country, per lb. 6 and 6 1/2c
Lard, city, per lb. 6 1/2c
Eggs, strictly fresh, per doz 24c
Chickens, live, per lb. 7 to 8c
Chickens, dressed, per lb. 9 to 10c
Turkeys, dressed, per lb. 11c
Ducks, dressed 10 to 12c
Potatoes, per bu. 35 to 40c
Navy beans, per bu. \$2.15
Marrowfat beans, per gal. \$2.50
Maple syrup, per gal. 65 to 70c
Onions, per bu. 40c
RETAIL PRICES.
Butter, Elgin creamery, per lb. 22c
Butter, country, per lb. 25c
Butter, cooking, per lb. 10 to 15c
Butterline, per lb. 13 to 20c
Oleomargarine, per lb. 20c
Lard, country, per lb. 10c
Lard, city, per lb. 10c
Lard, compound, per lb. 8c
Eggs, strictly fresh per doz, 25c
Chickens, live, per lb. 10 to 11c
Chickens, dressed per lb. 13c
Turkeys, dressed 16c
Ducks, dressed 16c
Potatoes, per bu. 30c
Oats, per bu. 30 to 32c
Corn, ear, per bu. 25c
Corn, shelled, per bu. 40c
Corn, cracked, per lb. 1c
Hay, baled, per cwt. 75c
Straw, baled, per cwt. 55c
Onions, per bushel \$1
Celery, per bunch 10c
Cheese.
York State, per lb. 18c.
Swiss, per lb. 18c.
Full cream, per lb. 16c
Miscellaneous.
Salt, per bbl. Wadsworth \$1.10, N. Y. \$1.15
Rock salt, per lb. 1c
Oil meal, per lb. 2c
Crushed oyster shells, 55c a cwt.
Crushed bone, per lb. 2 1/2c
Lined oil, bottled per gal. 52c
Lined oil, raw per gal. 50c.
Turpentine, per gal. 75c
White Lead per cwt. \$8.
Nails, 8d wire common per cwt. \$3.30
Nails, 8d steel cut common per cwt. \$3.35
Nails, 8d cut common per cwt. \$3.50
Lumber.
Hemlock bill stuff \$19 per m
Norway bill stuff \$23 per m
Yellow pine siding No. 1 \$27 per m
Yellow pine flooring No. 1 common \$25 per m
Yellow pine ceiling No. 1 \$27 per m
White pine lath No. 1, \$5.00 per m
White pine lath No. 2 \$4.50 per m
Clear red cedar shingles \$3.50 per 1000.
Clear hemlock shingles \$2.75 per 1000.

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